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Original Papers.

IMPROMPTU.

THE newspapers are copying from the "*National Era*" an "*Impromptu* on receiving an Eagle's quill from Lake Superior," by Whittier, a Poet, whose genius and true poetic sensibilities subtract much of the stiffness from his Quakerism, the fanaticism from his Abolitionism, and the cant from his New Englandism. On reading this "*Impromptu*" we find it to consist of twenty carefully finished verses, marked by much beauty of expression, and a thoughtful, serious grace, which reminds us, without losing any of its charm by the association, of the spirit and style of Bryant in some of his happiest efforts. Here are four fine verses—

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

"The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

"Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw material of a State,
Its muscle and its mind.

"And, westering still, the Star which leads
The New World in its train
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain."

Now, these and the accompanying verses are good enough poetry. The whole poem is good, but not because it is an "*Impromptu*"—of being which it bears very few indications, in fact. It is well written, but none the better for having been written in a hurry, and probably would have done the author more credit had it been more elaborated. We think it not amiss to take it as the text and groundwork of a protest against *Impromptu* in general, and particularly against that standard of public taste, very universal nowadays, which measures the merit of a performance by the rapidity with which it has been accomplished, and ranks facility and fertility amongst the highest indications of intellectual superiority.

Poets who hang out these *impromptu* colors do so partly by way of apology for evil.

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dent defects of haste, and partly by way of public announcement of their surprising powers of invention and versification. What they hazard in reputation they gain in time; what they lose in style they more than make up in speed. There is nothing these men hate so much as your slow writers. If the rewards of genius can only be *run for*, they are sure of success. This is an old trick. Horace laughs at an author in his day who prided himself upon being able to make two hundred verses in an hour, standing upon one leg—"stans pede in uno." D'Israeli tells the story of Statius, a quasi classic, who congratulated himself that he had employed only two days in composing the *epithalamium* upon Stella, containing 278 Hexameters; while Caspar Barthius, the subject of the sketch in which this story is told, boasted that he had in three days translated into Latin the first three books of the *Iliad*, amounting to above 2,000 verses. No wonder that the chronicler of the curiosities of Literature had to include him in the category of "authors who have ruined their booksellers."

But these are harmless vanities in authors. Nobody will object to a poet's consoling himself for the public neglect of his verses by a remembrance of the little labor they cost him. Happy man if he is content to set off the speed with which they were written against the speed with which they were forgotten. But it is a different thing when the critics and the dilettanti, and the reading public in general, unite in a tribute of admiration to this species of excellence, and in establishing as the rule of success for an intellectual effort, that "twere well if it 'twere done *quickly*." The principle upon which such a false standard is grounded is a very simple one. Anything out of the ordinary course of things attracts special notice, and the further it transcends the ordinary experience of an individual, the more it excites his admiration. People who couldn't write five lines of verse if they tried a week, are naturally enough amazed at anybody who can write fifty lines in an hour. In their opinion his facility fixes his genius. Another man, they admit, might write as much and as well, but the question is, could he do it in the same space of time? This is natural to all of us. One's estimation of his favorite author rises instantaneously to a higher point if he learns of him that, like Sir Walter Scott, he could write a whole page of manuscript without an interlineation, or like Godwin, could dash off the greater part of a novel at a night's sitting. But for all this, there is no good reason why the world should waste so much applause on these feats of intellectual dexterity when they are successful, or let them off so easily when they fail. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well—as safe a maxim for authors and artists as for mechanics or day laborers. The idea of claiming additional admiration for a professed work of art (be it a sonnet, or a statue, or whatever else) on account of the laziness or the carelessness with which it has been executed, or even the speed, is an absurdity.

We are speaking, of course, only of those kinds of intellectual effort which do not, by their very natures, forbid elaboration; of the

more serious species of composition, such as the "*Impromptu*" which has suggested these thoughts. Certainly there are cases in which celerity is commendable, and is a necessary requisite. An elaborated joke is generally a very flat one, and the effect of printed wit, like that of spoken wit, frequently depends on its evident quickness and readiness. An epigram that has to be assiduously sharpened is apt to lose its point; the best are the promptest. But in such cases, the whole substance is the wit, which, in its very essence, excludes premeditation. Humor may be polished and set to advantage, but wit is best in the rough. Wits are a privileged class. They should be allowed to speak without thought, and write as they speak, if they have the faculty. It would be cruel to require as severe labor from the man who aims only to relax the hard lines of your face into a smile, or twist them into a laugh, as from him who makes a claim on your understanding, and professes to instruct as well as amuse.

Nor have we the remotest intention of depreciating the value or the power of that promptness of thought and ease of expression which are often the accompaniments and indications of the highest intellectual skill. Where there is much energy of thought, native or acquired by long training, and experience, there must be some rapidity of thinking; but this facility, either of mental processes or outward expression, is only admirable when its result is the gaining, by easier steps, the perfection at which others arrive by slower and more laborious approaches. It is the experience of the veteran, accomplishing with ease what seemed impossible to the raw recruit. This is part of the thorough furnishing with which discipline and perseverance provide the man of letters. But its value is for use and not for display. It is the counterfeit of this rarely acquired and hard won facility whose *impromptu* verses and extempore eloquence pass with poetasters and the public for the genuine coin. Even when really possessed it speedily becomes a reproach, if used as the instrument of unworthy purposes.

The admirer of Raphael finds a higher pleasure in studying that most beautiful of his pictures, the Dresden Madonna, in the remembrance of the fact that it was painted without any previous studies or drawings. It is the best proof of the transcendent genius of the great Master, that he was able to throw his whole idea, in all its perfection and completeness, upon the canvas, and without the necessity of realizing it by piecemeal in intermediate attempts. Far different is our feeling with regard to the later pictures of such famous artists as Guido, Murillo, and that Anglicized Fleming, Vandyck, who, after attaining the highest places in their profession, employed the wonderful facility which long experience had given them, not for the purpose of achieving higher results in art, or rising to greater eminence, but for the sake of pocketing as fast as possible the substantial proofs of their popularity.

It is not only versifiers who might be complained of for troubling the world with crude, undigested, immature performances. "Fast

men" are becoming as common in the various departments of literature, science, politics, morals, as they have become in society. As the New Englanders say, they are the "products of the age." It is an age of impromptu reform, impromptu legislation, impromptu invention, literature, philosophy. The volubility and vehemence of extempore eloquence in the pulpit; the cut and thrust style of criticism in reviews and literary organs; the labor-saving, hot-house systems of education so much in vogue, are indications, in their popularity, of this spirit of the age. Everything is railroad, steamboat, magnetic telegraph. On the same principle that the unfortunate classic-ridden Frenchman exclaimed, "Qui me délivra des Grecs et Romains?" we are tempted to cry out, Who will deliver us from these annihilators of time and space?

AN HOUR WITH ATHENÆUS.

From the *Gentleman's Mag.* Concluded from our last.

MANY valuable legends are often thus preserved. In a former number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* I gave a Persian tradition which he quoted from Chares of Mitylene, and I subjoined to it the Persian version of the same tale from the national epic, or *Shahnamah*. This is only one of many; beautiful stories of ancient times are continually introduced, and the following has furnished Mr. Landor a subject for one of his "Hellenics,"* published in his late edition of his works; and indeed an interesting series of such poems might be made out of similar tales.

In Crete reigned Zeus and Minos; and there sprang
From rocky Chios (but more years between)
Homer. Ah, who by Homer's side shall stand?
A slave, a slave shall stand by Homer's side,
Come, from dark ages forth, come, Drimacus!

"Nymphiodorus the Syracusan, in his *Paralus* of Asia, tells the following story. The slaves of the Chians once ran away, and, having assembled in the mountains, they were continually ravaging their masters' lands; for the island is rocky and full of trees. And not long before our time, the Chians relate that a certain slave ran away and joined the rest in their mountain fastnesses, and, being withal of a manly and heroic soul, he soon headed the others, as a king heads his army. The Chians made frequent expeditions against him, but when they met with no success, and were only spending their lives in vain, Drimacus (for this was the slave's name) one day thus addressed them; 'O men of Chios, our old masters, rest assured that this business of your slaves cannot be stopped, for we have an oracle from the gods on our side. But, if you will be persuaded by me and let us live in quiet, I will be your guide to many advantages.' The Chians therefore having made a treaty with him, he prepared certain weights and measures and seals of his own, and having shown them to the Chians, he said, 'When I receive or take anything from any of you, I shall take it by these weights and measures, and when I have taken enough, I will seal your granaries with this seal, and leave them. And if any of your slaves run away in future, I will examine them as to the reasons of their flight; and if they shall seem to me to have suffered any insupportable oppression, I shall retain them with me, but if there be no just ground, I will send them back to their masters.' And when the other slaves saw that the Chians readily agreed to these conditions, they ran away far less frequently, fearing Drimacus's examination. And those too who were with him, feared him even more than their old masters, and they perform-

ed all their duty, obeying him as their general. For he severely punished the disorderly, and he permitted no one to ravage the fields, or commit any injury whatever, without his knowledge. And at the festival seasons he used to come and receive wine and sacrifices and whatever else the proprietors might give him; but, if he found any one plotting against him or laying ambuscades for his troops, he always punished him. But in course of time, when Drimacus had grown old, and the city had promised in a proclamation that money should be given for his head, one day he called his bosom-friend into a retired spot, and thus addressed him: 'I have ever loved thee best of all living men, and thou hast been to me companion and son and everything; and I have now lived long enough; but thou art young, and art now in the flower of thine age. It behoves thee to become a brave and honest man, and, since the city of the Chians hath promised great rewards and freedom to him who kills me, do thou therefore cut off my head and carry it to Chios, and receive the reward, and live happily there.' For a long time the youth steadfastly refused, but at last he prevails on him to do it. Having therefore cut off his head, he receives from the Chians the promised sum of money, and having buried the hero's body he returns to his own home. And the Chians being again harassed and ravaged by their slaves, called to mind the departed chieftain's forbearance, and they built a temple to his memory in their land, and they dedicated it to the 'Gentle Hero.'* And even to the present day the runaway slaves offer to him a part of all their spoils; and the story runs that he often still appears to the Chians in their dreams, and reveals the plots of their slaves; and those to whom he thus appears, repair to the place where his temple stands, and they sacrifice unto him there."

What a grand bas-relief of ancient heroism is contained in this story, and how it carries us back to those times which Condorcet so feelingly calls "les temps heroïques, dont un mélange de grandeur et de ferocité, de générosité et de barbarie, rend le tableau si attachant, et nous séduit encore au point de les admirer, et même de les regretter."

There is another legend, related in the sixth book, which would give a good subject for another of Landor's "Hellenics," similar to the one I have already referred to, on Drimacus.

"Hippias of Erythræ in the second book of his history of his own country relates how Cnopus's kingdom was overthrown by flatterers, as follows: 'When Cnopus consulted the oracle about his safety, the god commanded him to sacrifice to Mercury (*Ἑρμῇ δολίῳ*). And after this, as he was sailing to Delphi, those of his followers who desired to overthrow his power and establish an oligarchy (and their names were Ortyges and Irus and Echarus), when they were out of sight of land, suddenly attacked and bound him, and cast him into the sea. And having come to Chios, and received reinforcements from the tyrants there, Amphiclus and Polytecus, they sailed by night to Erythræ, and about the same time Cnopus's body was washed up by the sea on the shore near Erythræ, which is now called Leopodon. And while his wife Cleonice was engaged in burying it, and it chanced that the whole country was celebrating a feast to Artemis, suddenly there was heard the sound of a trumpet, and the city was seized by Ortyges and his friends. Many of the old adherents of

Cnopus were slain, and Cleonice, on learning what had happened, fled to Colophon. And Ortyges, having established himself as tyrant, put to death all who opposed him. And he and his friends having abolished the laws, conducted all the affairs of the city without the walls, and allowed none of the people to enter. They established a tribunal without the gates, and there they decided all suits, having clothed themselves with purple robes; and in summer time they wore curiously fashioned sandals, but in winter they went about in women's shoes; and they curled their hair, and covered their heads with yellow and purple diadems; and all their ornaments were of gold, as if they were women. They compelled some of the citizens to draw their chariots, and others to be their lictors, and others to sweep the roads. And if any of their company died, they assembled all the citizens, with their wives and children, and forced them to lament for the deceased, and violently to beat their breasts and wail loud and long, an officer with a scourge standing over them to enforce their commands. And this continued until Hippotes, the brother of Cnopus, came with some forces to Erythræ, in the time of a festival, and, being helped by the people, he attacked the tyrants, and having scourged some of their adherents, he killed Ortyges as he was flying with his followers. And having treated his wives and children with all ignominy, he restored freedom to his country."

Here is another legend, which half reminds one of our Alfred, as he sat and watched the immortal cakes!

"Dieuchidas in his *Megarica* relates that there are some islands called the accursed (they lie between Cnidos and Syme), from a dispute which arose amongst Triopas's followers after his death. When they therefore dispersed to their several homes, some of them stayed with Phorbas, and came with him to Ialysus, while others followed Periergus, and seized Camiris; and it is said that Periergus then cursed Phorbas, and that for this reason the islands were called the Accursed. Soon afterwards Phorbas was shipwrecked, and with his wife Parthenia, who was also the sister of Periergus, he swam to Ialysus, and landed near a place called Schedia. And it chanced that Thamneus, who was hunting near Schedia, met them, and he invited them to his house, and sent a servant to order his wife to make all necessary preparations, as he was bringing home some strangers with him. When, however, he arrived, he found nothing ready, and so accordingly he himself went and put the wheat into the mill, and having ground it, he gave it to his guests. And Phorbas was so pleased with the hospitality, that at his death he charged his friends to perform his funeral rites with freemen; and this custom still remains at Phorbas's festival, for all who perform its rites are freemen, and no slave is allowed to come near."

These legends are all interwoven in some way with the subject matter; but very often the thread of connexion is somewhat slight. The book itself is in truth one mass of digressions, and Athenæus never goes on long without a *détour*. Sometimes he indulges us with an anecdote, sometimes with a dull disquisition on natural history; at another time we may be welcomed to a whole scene from some lost comedy; and such glimpses as these of Diphilus and Alexis are very refreshing to one who mourns over the total loss of Greek comedy. Occasionally he gives other poetical extracts of considerable beauty. Thus it is he that preserves the celebrated couplet of Licymnius

* See a review of Landor's *Hellenics* in our Number for March, 1848, p. 279.

* *L'alta gentilezza di Ruggiero.*
Ariosto.

of Chios, which describes Sleep as causing Endymion to slumber with unclosed eyelids, that she might enjoy the undimmed radiance of his eyes. It is to him, too, that we are indebted for those beautiful lines of Ariphron the Sicyonian on health, which ripple in the soul's ear with their clear crystal Greek, like the sound of a brook to a sick man as he tosses thirsty on his pillow.

Υγίει προβίστα μακάρων
μετα σου νοσεί
το λοιποῦν βίωτης.

Oh, holiest Health! all other gods excelling,
May I be ever blest
With thy kind favor, and in life's poor dwelling
Be thou, I pray, my constant guest.
If aught of charm or grace to mortal fingers
Round wealth or kingly sway,
Or children's happy faces in their play,
Or those sweet bands, which Aphrodite's fingers
Weave round the trusting heart,
Or whatsoever joy or breathing space
Kind Heaven hath giv'n to worn humanity—
Thine is the charm, to thee they owe the grace.
Life's chaplet blossoms only where thou art.
And Pleasure's year attains its sunny spring;
And where thy smile is not, our joy is but a sigh!

But not only does Athenæus give us beautiful extracts from others, his own style not unfrequently kindles into poetry as he relates old traditions or customs. Thus he tells us in the ninth book—

"In Eryx in Sicily there is a certain time of the year which they call the *Anagoga*, during which, they say that Venus departs for Libya, and then the doves all vanish in the neighborhood, as if they too accompanied the goddess; and after nine days, at the period called the *Ca-tagogia*, a single white dove is suddenly seen flying from the sea in the direction of her temple; and then, too, all the others return. And all the wealthy inhabitants who live near make this season of much festivity, and the common people also applaud with great joy. And in those days the whole place appears to smell as of butter; and they receive this as a sign of the goddess's return."

At the close of the eighth book he has some beautiful remarks on the ancient custom of libations during feasts.

"For the ancients, holding that the gods were of human form, made use of this in their feasts. For, when they saw that men could not be prevented from such festive pleasures, they judged it wise and seemingly that such entertainments should be conducted soberly and in order. They therefore set apart definite periods, and, before they relaxed their minds into hilarity, they first offered sacrifice to the gods, that each of the guests might remember that the gods were come to the offering and the libations, and might thus enter the feast with a feeling of reverential awe. . . . For, even if an aged and venerable man be present, men are ashamed of any riotous revelry; and much more, therefore, would they be likely to conduct themselves discreetly and soberly, if they believed that the gods themselves formed a part of the company."

These extracts give but a poor idea of the work, but they may still serve as specimens of its various contents. It is in truth just such a book as a poor grammarian might be supposed to write, who lived in those unquiet days, and who loved all that belonged to Greece and her history so fondly, that even her rags and relics seemed holy. Grammar rules, and aspirates, and conjugations, were poetry to him, for they were the echoes of what had been the living sounds in Athens' palmy days; and the minutest details even about her accents were precious in his eyes. Gibbon calls Libanius "a recluse student, whose mind, regardless of his contemporaries, was incessantly fixed on the

Trojan war and the Athenian commonwealth." The character, perhaps, but not the sting, of the sarcasm, belongs to Athenæus. He was indeed no hollow sophist, and his book is as genuine an outburst of his heart, as the *Iliad*. It is a book in which his love lingers over every page: the modern reader may turn away in disgust from his long dissertations about trifles; but he may be assured that his author spent as much study and labor on these heavier parts as on any of the pieces which he admires. Emerson says, that "Nature plants an eye wherever a new ray of light may fall;" and she planted Athenæus exactly in that spot of time where the glories of Greece's sunset were seen on the horizon of the past to the most advantage, from the contrast afforded by the evening shadows which were gathering over the Roman world. He has thus preserved for us many a detail which would otherwise have been inevitably lost. Many a lighter feature which graver writers would have scorned to allude to, and which later writers would have been utterly unable to portray, is thus sketched indelibly in his pages, and in his alone, of all the extant authors of antiquity.

E. B. C.

Reviews.

THE MERCERSBURG SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Mercersburg Review, January and March, 1849.

SECOND PAPER.

In speaking of this theology and its defenders, we have styled it a school, and no system of views ever presented in this country has more claim to be so regarded. It is a system by itself, differing widely and essentially from those views with which it is often confounded, and towards which it is charged with having a strong tendency. Whatever may be its faults, the school of Mercersburg is certainly no imitation. Although at war with rationalism and ultra-protestantism, it is strikingly distinguished from the Roman and the Anglican on the one hand, whilst it disagrees no less with what is called the Biblical or Evangelical Protestant on the other.

It is, in truth, more of a distinct school—we mean in respect to its principles, without reference to its extent—than that which has its seat at Oxford. This latter has no philosophy. There is no real or intended disparagement in this assertion, because in fact it does itself discard the term. Councils, tradition, canons, fathers, are its great authorities. Its mysteries are facts, which faith must receive, and reason not examine. Rome has some show of philosophizing in respect to her great dogma of transubstantiation; but it amounts to no more than a dry and verbal scholasticism, respecting substance and accident. Of the Mercersburg doctors, however, it may be truly said, that they have a philosophy,—a metaphysical and psychological system, which, with their more ardent followers, constitutes their glory and strength, whilst by their opponents it is regarded as their weakness,—in fact, their most assailable quarter.

This philosophy, it may also be remarked, is most peculiarly German. It is the German idealism—the genuine article, we may say, instead of the Coleridgeism and transcendentalism which are supposed to have been derived from it. It is the German idealism in some of its most attractive, and at the same time most alarming aspects. All Dr. Nevin's views of the Church, of the incarnation, and of the Church's relation to the Incarnate Re-

deemer, are most intimately connected with his anthropology or doctrine of humanity. They are all grounded on the distinction between the individual and the generic life. Calvin, whom more than any other modern theologian he seems to revere, had earnestly maintained the Real Presence as a fact, but still a fact incomprehensible, and with a reason ineffable. In the Eucharist, he held, the human body of the Saviour was truly present, so as to be received by the believing communicant, not symbolically or morally merely, but truly, and personally, and vitally,—and yet this humanity ever remained in heaven, to which it had ascended eighteen hundred years ago. This he contented himself with maintaining as a most mysterious and incomprehensible fact, accomplished by a divine power, regarded as limited by no seeming impossibilities. Dr. Nevin, however, although he does not pretend wholly to remove the mystery, would aid our faith by connecting the doctrine with some of the highest questions in philosophy. He distinguishes between the individual and the ideal humanity in the incarnation; not, of course, using the term ideal, as it is often used, or rather abused, in the sense of unreal or figurative, or as the abstract universal of the nominalist, but as denoting, in fact, the deepest and most real ground of our human nature. As our first, or natural, or psychical humanity, is an organic whole, grounded on that generic humanity of which Adam was the first individual representative, so the regenerated humanity, or the Church, is collectively an extension, a "passing over," not of the individual life that spoke and taught eighteen hundred years ago in Judæa, but of that generic life, which having its origin in the incarnation, or the connexion of the divine with the human, became the ground of the new individual life of Christ and all his true disciples. But we cannot do justice to these topics here, even if the nature of this sketch would admit the propriety of the attempt. Those who would understand Dr. Nevin must read him for themselves, and not be discouraged if they often find it difficult to follow him. This will not be because he has no meaning. Even when he is most defective in clearness, he carries the reader to a sublime region of ideas, where we are certain there is most substantial and important truth, although the mind may but dimly apprehend it.

Dr. Nevin, however, should not wonder if some who have a leaning to certain aspects of theology as presented by him, together with the highest opinions both of his ability and his Christian integrity, should feel that he is in danger of deceiving himself and others. It might be maintained that it is not so easy to settle what is highest and most real. He says of certain views that they indicate only a moral union. Others would contend that this may be of a higher nature than any to which he would give the names generic and organic. Thus, to be of the same mind with Christ, even in the moral sense of thinking the same thoughts, and having similar dispositions, and feeling similar emotions, involves a sublimer mystery, they might say, and a deeper philosophy, than anything which, by assuming to transcend these, falls over into the physical and the mechanical instead of the spiritual and the ideal. We believe, with Dr. N., that there is something in Christianity more than the moral relation; but we are here in a region where the ordinary process of language seems sometimes so reversed, that to every individual writer or reader, the words, instead of being the interpreters of the thoughts, do, in fact, de-

rive all their power, and life, and distinctness, from the thought itself, and the relative position, in respect to other views, which it had previously occupied in the mind.

It is on this ground that the Princeton reviewer presses Dr. Nevin the hardest. He evidently regards it as his most assailable quarter, and attempts to show how easy it might be for one to write strongly against rationalism, and yet, under the names of the real, the ideal, the organic, the life, &c., have a lower and a balder system of rationalism than any against which he may fancy himself contending. Facts show that there is some force in this objection. Thus there has even been maintained to be a strong affinity between the Mercersburg views and those of Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, although in some respects they would seem the most remote of extremes. The Hartford theologian would contend, and with great ability too, that his use of the terms life, and organism, instead of being metaphorical or unreal, was as high, as consistent, as logically correct, and as transcendently real, as that of the school which denounces his views as rationalistic. There is a point of view in which some might easily mistake what seemed the natural supernaturalism of the one, for the supernatural naturalism of the other. Both are fond of the same terms, and each might say that he was misunderstood by the other. But when reasoners of such consummate abilities as these, make this declaration to avoid being held responsible for each other's dogmas, in consequence of similarity of language, it only shows that they have endeavored to ascend to a region of ideas to which language is wholly inadequate, or that they have reached a false elevation by attempting to raise certain terms to a height of meaning they will not bear. Believing, as we do, that there are truths of the highest moment involved in some of Dr. Nevin's positions, we are still sensible of the danger of his language being perverted, not to the aid of Oxford or Rome, but to the support of even a lower system than that which he so powerfully assails under the names of the merely moral or the rationalistic.

There is, moreover, danger of deception in another quarter. Not only are there seeming points of connexion between the profound idealism of Mercersburg, and the transcendent rationalism of Hartford, but the former is also claimed as of kin to that which can neither be regarded as transcendent nor profound. The Swedenborgian mystic finds also strong resemblances between his own and the Mercersburg view of the incarnation, and of the redemption, as consisting almost solely in the assumption of humanity. Now we know that he has no right to do this. The death as well as the incarnation of Christ, and the forensic justification, are essential points of Dr. Nevin's theology, whereas in the other they are wholly wanting. The deep importance he attaches to the incarnation, as being not merely incidental to, but the ground of the whole plan of vicarious redemption, and the feeling that it had lost its place and prominence in our Protestant theology, have caused him to dwell so exclusively on this, as to produce the idea of a unity of sentiment with those who altogether reject the other and more judicial features of Christianity.

Hence we cannot help feeling that it is safe to adhere closely to the strong forensic language of our reformation symbols and of the old councils, and to keep ever prominent the forensic and objective views of Christianity, as the best ground of the inward or subjective

justification, and the best defence both against rationalism and mysticism. When we take them as rigid statements of facts in respect to what Christ does out of us, and for us, and thus make them the grounds of our subjective view of what he does in us, the old catholic believer is at once in a position where the rationalist cannot claim alliance with him, or say that he means the same. Here is at once a language he cannot speak, and which he hates too heartily ever to seek to counterfeit. Life, union, incarnation, divinity, humanity, and even regeneration, may flourish as much, and sound as loftily in the vocabulary of the one as of the other; but law, penalty, judgment, condemnation, justification, grace, are terms of far less compromising aspect. They belong to one peculiar view of Christianity, and such is the difficulty of perverting them to the support of any anti-christian or mere philosophical *gnosis*, that the attempt is seldom made. Just as these terms, and the corresponding ideas, cease to be prominent in the Christianity of any age or country, does religion lose its alarm, or cease to be a thing of fearful interest. In other words, it ceases to be *religio* (which cannot exist, or, at all events, begin to exist, *absque formidine*), and becomes *philosophia*, a *gnosis*, which, when speculating about love, and charity, and life, may be as unlovely, and as uncharitable, and as lifeless as when occupied with the denounced dogmas of an antinomian faith. The other class of terms are indeed most precious to the Christian who is truly such, but when cut off from that forensic or objective view which must precede this state, they have no terror for those who are without, or to whom the widest charity cannot give the Christian name.

Unless this distinction is kept in mind, there is a confounding of salvation, or what a man is, or becomes, when saved, with the dread questions—What must we do and believe to be saved? To reverse this, or to assume the language of the one without the humbling experience that belongs to the other, is to go directly in the face of one of the most oft-repeated injunctions of the New Testament. It is an attempt to rise without having first descended, to be exalted without having been first abased. It is to throw in the background what Paul ever put foremost, *Christ crucified*; and what he ever "delivered first of all," because he himself "received it first of all,"—"*How that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures.*" The incarnation and the crucifixion are the fundamentals of our faith. It may be admitted, too, that the first is the necessary ground of the value of the second; but all ecclesiastical experience has shown, that for us, and to us, in our unrecovered state, the latter is the nearest truth, that it has the most of moral power, and that when vividly sustained it has ever sustained the belief in the co-ordinate mystery; whereas the latter, when its too exclusive advocates have severed its connexion with the more humbling forensic doctrine, has soon sunk either into a vapid mysticism or a cold "philosophy of religion."

We read Dr. Nevin with instruction and delight. To a considerable extent we feel a hearty concurrence with some of his most cherished views, because we are satisfied that he honestly holds the old forensic aspect of redemption in connexion, and we think, consistent connexion with his peculiar theanthropic doctrine. But we must express our distrust of similar language as often employed by some of the mystico-rationalistic schools. How many, who have been ambitious of a profound religion, has Coleridge cheated into the conceit of

a high orthodoxy—so as even to make them despise the old church standards as too little connected with the "deep philosophical consciousness"—when a close analysis would show that his labored explanation of the atonement presents, after all, only that mere moral influence system which the more conscientious Unitarian holds without any parade or abuse of language. In the same way does Morell, a late writer, talk about the theanthropy, and the "deeper consciousness," and most dogmatically denounce all dogmatic theology, without presenting one single definite view of Christianity having any bearing on our fearful moral relations, or in other words, any interest for the conscience. There is ground, then, for alarm, and for clinging more earnestly to the plain, forensic, conscience-rousing language of our catechisms and Reformation symbols.

It must be said, however, as a great merit of this Mercersburg School, that right here is to be found one of its most marked peculiarities. We refer to its strong attachment to the reformation period and the reformation theology. Almost all parties in the Church have their favorite periods. Rome looks with peculiar interest to the scholastic ages that preceded the Protestant heresy. The present and the earliest period she holds in distrust; the one for the rationalistic tendency that defies, and the other for the purity that condemns her. The Anglican school looks back to the third and fourth centuries. The Evangelico-Protestant extols the present. The Liberalist delights in throwing off all the shackles of the past, and in looking ever to the future. Among them all, the once glorious Reformation is condemned, despised, or overlooked. Rome anathematizes it. Anglicanism regards it as her shame, and would gladly blot it from the page of ecclesiastical history. The ultra-biblical or Evangelico-protestant (so called), with all its traditional respect, condemns it as having done its work imperfectly, and as having been too much under the shadow of Rome. The mere worldly writer of the Hallam or Macaulay school chooses ever to look upon it in its lowest political aspect, whilst its "theological dogmas," or its "narrow metaphysical polemics," he would regard with an air of dignified impartiality, or Gallo-like contempt. We cannot therefore help regarding, as one of the best features of the Mercersburg school, that it attaches so much importance to this undervalued Reformation period, and shows so thorough a knowledge, and so high an appreciation of its theology. Whatever errors may be charged upon Dr. Nevin and Prof. Schaff, they are more than redeemed, we think, by the great benefit they are rendering the Church in awakening attention to this most interesting period in its history, and to the profound writings of the great men, and devoted martyrs, who shed so much of true Christian glory upon it. Believing much in Prof. Schaff's view of the continuously flowing life of the Church, we also believe in great periods. We give our faith to certain men, and certain times, because we see in them strong evidences of a divine reviving power, sent forth from time to time to bring the Church up to a higher position of knowledge, of truth, of purity, of holy zeal.

Along with this love of the Reformation, there seems to be, especially in the case of Dr. Nevin, a peculiar veneration for the character and writings of John Calvin. We only allude to this, because the opinion of the really learned and able Mercersburg Doctor is in such striking contrast with the studied contempt of the great Genevese Reformer, ever

manifested by a certain school, and especially by some of its youngest tyros in theology. It should read a lesson to those who are ever breaking their teeth on Calvin and Calvinism, in contempt of the advice of Hooker, and Usher, and Horsley,—who had deeply studied and profoundly venerated the man and the writings which so many modern theologians of this kind affect to hold in such contempt.

This veneration for the Reformation, it may be remarked, does not seem to be for the purpose of repelling the charge of Romanizing tendencies, as brought against the Mercersburg theologians, but is in perfect harmony with all their most cherished views of the Church, and springs directly from their favorite idea of its continually developing history. The Reformation is one of these striking developments arising from an organic law. It came not through any sideway influences, or from the imparted energy of any sects, however zealous and evangelical, without the visible acknowledged pale; but, on the contrary, from the best and purest life of the Roman Catholic Church itself. Here all its instruments were trained. In her nurture they received the life, and the power, and the learning, and the evangelical zeal, that fitted them for the great work to which they were elected. And so also in respect to the great body of believers who gladly embraced the Reformation doctrines. They also had been prepared for this in an organization, which although grossly corrupt in its more external manifestations, and with its rottenness doubtless extending far inward towards the core, did still contain a warmth of life sufficiently shown in the great results that followed. Thus the reformation had always been in the Church of Rome, not merely as a possibility, but as a potentiality; and when the fulness of times came, and outward or secular circumstances were brought round in harmony with it, then was the external development of what had long before existed, not simply as buried with a few pious souls in the retirements of the cloister, or with a few wandering sectaries fleeing to the mountains, but in the hearts of vast multitudes in every section of Old Christendom. This marked difference between Oxford and Mercersburg in respect to the Reformation, should be remembered whenever the latter is charged with an anti-protestant tendency. Their peculiar position at present makes sectarianism, or ultra-protestantism, as they would style it, their chief antagonist; and whilst battling with this, they have so little to say against the other antichrist, that they might almost seem to have some alliance with it. Candor, however, would compel the admission, that whatever may be their faults, a want of love for the Reformation and for protestantism truly, as opposed to the corruptions of Rome, is certainly not one of them. On some grounds, too, they may fairly retort the charge upon a part of their adversaries, if their love of protestantism is inconsistent with an undervaluing and despising of the theology of the sixteenth century.

We cannot, however, close this sketch, without mentioning one fault with which the Mercersburg school may fairly be charged. Dr. N. adopts altogether too contemptuous a tone towards his opponents. He too often, for example, employs the words "deep" and "profound" when speaking of his own views, and such terms as "crass" and "shallow" when setting forth the views of others. Thoroughly versed in the German language, literature, theology, and metaphysics, he seems too re-

luctant to admit the existence of any extensive or profound learning out of this pale, and thus is led to disparage too much what is simply English, and especially what is American. This arises doubtless from a high appreciation of the importance of his own views and of the philosophy with which he connects them. Yet, still, he should not assume so easily that others differ from him because they cannot understand the loftiness or profundity of his positions. Such an assumption would be certainly out of place towards many among us who stand very high not only as Biblical and Patristic scholars, but also as profound theologians,—besides being thoroughly acquainted with the German language and philosophy. We allude to such men as Hodge, and Robinson, and Stuart, and Alexander, and Sears, and Turner, and Edwards, with many others that might be named. Such men may undoubtedly view these subjects under a different aspect, and may not therefore be able to see them as Doctor N. sees them. This inability, if it be such, may be admitted. But intellectually, and aside from all mental idiosyncrasies which do not affect the perception of logical consistency, it would be a more likely supposition that they do understand him; and not only this, but that their minds have been more or less on the same ground, that they are fully aware of the force of some of his views, but that they also see the difficulties in which he is involved, and which perhaps, it may be said without disparagement, something in his own mental position prevents him from seeing with equal clearness—difficulties which he may find it even still harder to solve, when his attention shall have been drawn from the strong positions whence he assails his opponents with so much vigor, to the direct defence of his own.

We regret this fault of style the more, because it bears a resemblance to the spirit displayed by some who are not to be otherwise named in comparison with Dr. Nevin. It is too much like the course of those who seem to feel as though the mere assumption of a certain position in the Church, did of itself magically create around them an atmosphere of learning, and give the merest theological stripplings a right to talk about the Fathers, and antiquity, and the Medieval period, and the good old Anglican theology, and Isaac Walton, and all that; whilst such real scholars as we have named, and who are the glory of our land and Church, they would affect to condemn as shallow and unscholarly rationalists,—out of the pale of the Church, and of course without learning, genius, philosophy, poetry, faith, or reverence.

This talk of high views, and deep views, and large views, is very much after the cant of the age in other things; but it would certainly seem sadly out of place in theological discussion. The truths of religion are doubtless identical with the highest philosophy. Such are they to unfallen intellects. But this is not the aspect in which the Bible presents them. They come not to us as questions of philosophy, but as the *great facts of salvation*. They are, or should be, associated in our souls with such views of deep personal interest as to divest them, for the time, of every speculative aspect. They should ever suggest to us the thoughts of sin, of moral ruin, of legal condemnation, of deep and damning spiritual degradation, of unmerited grace, of rescue by a strong and merciful arm from a state of hopeless perdition. Some may attempt to separate the eternal ground of religion in itself, or its philosophy, from that application to our present moral state which is called in humble lan-

guage, *the way of salvation*; but we doubt if it is for the soul's health thus to do. In another state of being we may contemplate this way of salvation chiefly in its theanthropic termination, but he will doubtless rise the highest, even there, who never forgets, while on earth, its lowly commencement at the Cross.

Profound, then, as are the truths of theology in themselves,—however much their philosophy may transcend every other form of knowledge,—and this profundity and this transcendence we would cheerfully concede to the Mercersburg views, because when we read them we feel how great the contrast they present to a frivolous science or a still more frivolous literature,—yet still we would express a doubt as to the employment of such epithets in view of the humbling moral associations with which to us, in this world at least, these truths must ever stand connected.

However profound, too, may be our religious philosophy, the practical faith of each Christian must after all be very simple in that exercise in which there is the most of personal interest. Here the child and the deepest theologian are nearly on a level. It would, moreover, do us good sometimes to think, how far our loftiest views may fall below the ineffable truths of which our clearest propositions are but the symbols—so far below, indeed, that in view of their transcendent height all human intellectual differences may dwindle into insignificance. It may be one of the first and most subduing experiences of the other life, when the soul is led to see how little it here knew of the great matters of salvation. In that solemn period, too, which precedes the transition, how may the profoundest theology, whether speculative, or dogmatic, or mystical, be compelled to simplify itself into the elementary ideas of danger and helplessness on the one hand, and the bare hope of a great Deliverer, and of a great deliverance, on the other. When all our reasonings about the incarnation, the divinity, the redemption process, the Church, in short, our whole confession of faith, may be reduced to the earnest cry of the drowning disciple—*Save, Lord, I perish*—and our most transcendent religious philosophy be all regarded as naught in comparison with one touch of the hem of the Saviour's garment.

T. L.

MARDI.

Mardi: and a Voyage Thither. By Herman Melville. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.

It is a critical period in the life of an author, when, having received ample honors for his early productions, having on a first appearance achieved a distinguished reputation, he comes before the public again, after an interval, with a new book. The question of his intellectual stamina is to be decided. It is to be determined by a full and accurate survey, a calculation of bearings and distances, and the relations of the whole heavenly system; whether "the comet of a season" is to assume a steady rank in the great planetary world; whether there is heat as well as light in the brilliant body which has attracted the public gaze. To drop metaphor, Mr. Herman Melville, American sailor, fresh from the Pacific, one summer morning, appears before his countrymen and another great audience in England, in the wondrous tale of "Typee." The narrative is immediately caught up from its freshness, vivacity, the grace of the story, the humor and ease of the style. "A very uncommon common sailor, even for America!" quoth the London Times. Hard working Jerrold laps himself in the Typee Elysium. The vene-

able old Gentleman's, Sylvanus Urban, older than old Parr, nearing his second centennial, feels youthful blood revive in his veins, even as when he read *Rasselas* (fresh from the press), and sighs "Ah! thou gentle and too enchanting Fayaway!" Blackwood shrugged his broad Scot shoulders and cried, "There is no Melville! Can such things come out of a fore-castle?" At home the wonder was not less and the sale was as great. Poets took up Fayaway and turned capital prose into indifferent verse; the daily newspapers ran out their vocabulary on the spot. The book was "racy"—"exceedingly racy," said the *Courier*; "readable," said the *Morning News*; "a charming book," the hundred-eyed Argus. There was no mistaking the matter. "Typee" was a hit, a palpable hit—and the arrows from that quiver are not exhausted yet. Typee is constantly getting printed and going off in new editions, which it is quite too much trouble to put upon the title page. "Omoo" followed, less unique, but full of entertainment, humor, and character. It was and is successful—as it deserved. The good humor of the "Times" was again poured out in a column or two of that broad sheet, and

Blackwood murmured soft applause.

But these were books of Travels; and books of Travels, though written in a highly artistic style, will not sustain a great literary reputation. American travellers have frequently written successful Travels. The national quickness of observation coming in contact with new scenes, the freshness of view which belongs to an American in the old world, and the national curiosity at home, have been prolific of popular Tours and Travels. Was there anything more in the author of "Typee?"

That question "MARDI" is to decide.

It is exactly two years since Mr. Melville's last book. The interval has undoubtedly been devoted conscientiously and laboriously to "Mardi," which is not only a very happy, genial production, in the best mood of luxurious invention, but a book of thought, curious thought and reflection. There is "something in it" everywhere. We read on and on for simple amusement; but we find these pictures leave traces on the memory, and are reproduced with our thoughts, pointing many a significant moral.

If we were seeking for comparisons, to give the reader an idea of "Mardi," we should suggest something of Rabelais—but the reader will be better prepared to understand that when he has read the book through.

What is the book? A purely original invention. Says Mr. Melville, in his brief preface:—"Not long ago, having published two narratives of voyages in the Pacific, which, in many quarters, were received with incredulity, the thought occurred to me, of indeed writing a romance of Polynesian adventure, and publishing it as such; to see whether the fiction might not, possibly, be received for a verity: in some degree the reverse of my previous experience. This thought was the germ of others, which have resulted in *Mardi*." The romance of Polynesian adventure is the romance of real life, human nature in a new setting, the romance of *Rasselas*, *Gaudenzio di Lucca*, the *Voyage of Panurge*.

To begin at the beginning. We think the first chapter of *Mardi* one of the happiest passages of description to be found anywhere. The cruise of a whaler on the line in fruitless search for prey. The author calls this picturesque opening—

FOOT IN STIRRUP.

"We are off! The courses and topsails are set: the coral-hung anchor swings from the bow: and together, the three royals are given to the breeze, that follows us out to sea like the baying of a hound. Out spreads the canvas—alow, aloft—boom-stretched, on both sides, with many a stun' sail; till like a hawk, with pinions poised, we shadow the sea with our sails, and reelingly cleave the brine.

"But whence, and whither wend ye, mariners?"

"We sail from Ravavai, an isle in the sea, not very far northward from the tropic of Capricorn, nor very far westward from Pitcairn's island, where the mutineers of the *Bounty* settled. At Ravavai I had stepped ashore some few months previous; and now was embarked on a cruise for the whale, whose brain enlightens the world.

"And from Ravavai we sail for the Gallipagos, otherwise called the Enchanted Islands, by reason of the many wild currents and eddies there met.

"Now, round about those isles, which Dampier once trod, where the Spanish bucaniers once hived their gold moldores, the Cachalot, or sperm whale, at certain seasons abounds.

"But thither, from Ravavai, your craft may not fly, as flies the sea-gull, straight to her nest. For, owing to the prevalence of the trade winds, ships bound to the northeast from the vicinity of Ravavai are fain to take something of a circuit; a few thousand miles or so. First, in pursuit of the variable winds, they make all haste to the south; and there, at length picking up a stray breeze, they stand for the main: then, making their easting, up helm, and away down the coast, towards the Line.

"This round-about way did the *Arcturion* take; and in all conscience a weary one it was. Never before had the ocean appeared so monotonous; thank fate, never since.

"But bravo! in two weeks' time, an event. Out of the grey of the morning, and right ahead, as we sailed along, a dark object rose out of the sea; standing dimly before us, mists wreathing and curling aloft, and creamy breakers frothing round its base.—We turned aside, and, at length, when day dawned, passed *Massafuero*. With a glass we spied two or three hermit goats winding down to the sea, in a ravine; and presently, a signal: a tattered flag upon a summit beyond. Well knowing, however, that there was nobody on the island but two or three noose-fuls of runaway convicts from Chili, our captain had no mind to comply with their invitation to land. Though, haply, he may have erred in not sending a boat off with his card.

"A few days more and we 'took the trades.' Like favors snappishly conferred, they came to us, as is often the case, in a very sharp squall; the shock of which carried away one of our spars; also our fat old cook off his legs; depositing him plump in the scuppers to leeward.

"In good time making the desired longitude upon the equator, a few leagues west of the Gallipagos, we spent several weeks chasseezing across the Line, to and fro, in unavailing search for our prey. For some of their hunters believe that whales, like the silver ore in Peru, runs in veins through the ocean. So, day after day, daily; and week after week, weekly, we traversed the self-same longitudinal intersection of the self-same Line; till we were almost ready to swear that we felt the ship strike every time her keel crossed that imaginary locality.

"At length, dead before the equatorial breeze, we threaded our way straight along the Line itself. Westward sailing; peering right and left, but seeing naught."

A calm succeeds, and let no man in the delirium of fever read that, or he will toss restlessly on his bed till he absorbs every painful condition in his system, so vividly described: "The stillness of the calm is awful. His voice begins to grow strange and portentous.

He feels it in him like something swallowed too big for the oesophagus. It keeps up a sort of involuntary interior humming in him, like a live beetle. His cranium is a dome full of reverberations. The hollows of his very bones are as whispering galleries. He is afraid to speak loud, lest he be stunned; like the man in the bass drum."

The *Arcturion* is to be deserted, by escape at night in one of the whale boats. To effect this requires a comrade, and the hero (who tells his adventures throughout in the first person) selects a Skyeman of the Hebrides, of Norse qualities and lineage, whom he calls his viking—and Jarl stands by stanchly through the chequered narrative. The preparations for the escape, the escape itself, are told with the author's accustomed ability, in cultivated, picturesque narration, brief and pregnant, not getting you over rapidly (a trait of the lowest kind of successful description), once and for all, but inviting you to linger and repeat the journey, by numerous felicities of expression and tricks of good feeling. The escape is accomplished, and the great Pacific is before the voyagers. Whither turn? Before the trades to the luxurious islands of the line, virgin, coral-bound, lagoon-watered, sheltered, verdant, "unatempted yet" by prow or sailor. Such islands yet linger, reluctant of discovery, in the broad genial Pacific. No romance can outdo their beauties, or heighten to the privations of a northern imagination their exquisite tropical luxuries. We tread upon Milton's turf of Paradise at every step. Thither the adventurers pursue their way. Life in an open boat in the Pacific is a very different thing from the usual life "on the ocean wave." It rather resembles the gay picture of the poet:—

Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm.

The incidents are of fish, winds, currents, and the conversation of the Viking. At last a bark is hailed—the *Parki*. Here is a new start in the history. The fate of that vessel is a novel by itself. Originally cobbled up at one of the Hawaiian isles, of an old wreck and native wood, she had set forth for the pearl fishery. A noted diver, Samoa, was of the company, and a lady, albeit of a shrewish temper, Annatoo, who once picked up from a newly found island as a specimen, had improved naught in the chance-medley which threw her at last in company with Samoa. With the crew they had sailed till one day entering the harbor of an island for water, the captain and hands were decoyed to a distance by the natives, who left a detachment behind to plunder the ship—a conflict ensued with the custodians, Samoa and Annatoo—there is a thrilling picturesque description of it—the cables were cut and the vessel drifted beyond the reef, with its two sole inhabitants, to the waters of the Pacific. This was the ship encountered. The craft is capitally managed: we actually live aboard of her for the time. The author describes the feeling:—"Every one knows what a fascination there is in wandering up and down in a deserted old tenement in some warm, dreamy country; where the vacant halls seem echoing of silence, and the doors creak open like the footsteps of strangers; and into every window the old garden trees thrust their dark boughs, like the arms of night-burglars; and ever and anon the nails start from the wainscot; while behind it the mice rattle like dice. Up and down in such old spectre houses one loves to wander; and so much the more, if the place be haunted by some marvellous story. And during the drowsy stillness of the tropical sea-day, very much such a fancy had I, for prying

about our little brigantine, whose tragic hull was haunted by the memory of the massacre, of which it still bore innumerable traces."

The bit of description of the cabin is at the same time very real and very poetical:—"Unfastening the cabin scuttle, we stepped downward into the smallest and murkiest den in the world. The altar-like transom, surmounted by the closed dead-lights in the stern, together with the dim little sky-light overhead, and the sombre aspect of everything around, gave the place the air of some subterranean oratory, say a Prayer Room of Peter the Hermit."

Here is Samoa, who should have the preference, savage as he is, of the still life.

A PORTRAIT.

"Like any man of mark, Samoa best speaks for himself; but we may as well convey some idea of his person. Though manly enough, nay, an obelisk in stature, the savage was far from being sentimentally prepossessing. Be not alarmed; but he wore his knife in the lobe of his dexter ear, which, by constant elongation, almost drooped upon his shoulder. A mode of sheathing it exceedingly handy, and far less brigandish than the Highlander's dagger concealed in his leggings."

"But it was the mother of Samoa, who at a still earlier day had punctured him through and through in still another direction. The middle cartilage of his nose was slightly pendent, peaked, and Gothic, and perforated with a hole; in which, like a Newfoundland dog carrying a cane, Samoa sported a trinket: a well polished nail."

"In other respects he was equally a coxcomb. In his style of tattooing, for instance, which seemed rather incomplete; his marks embracing but a vertical half of his person, from crown to sole; the other side being free from the slightest stain. Thus clapped together, as it were, he looked like a union of the unmatched moieties of two distinct beings; and your fancy was lost in conjecturing where roamed the absent ones. When he turned round upon you suddenly, you thought you saw some one else, not him whom you had been regarding before."

"But there was one feature in Samoa beyond the reach of the innovations of art—his eye; which in civilized man or savage, ever shines in the head, just as it shone at birth. Truly, our eyes are miraculous things. But alas, that in so many instances, these divine organs should be mere lenses inserted into the socket, as glasses in spectacle rims."

"But my Islander had a soul in his eye; looking out upon you there, like somebody in him. What an eye, to be sure! At times, brilliantly changeable as opal; in anger, glowing like steel at white heat."

Annatoo is a very peculiar lady with feline cattish habits, a very scratching shrew to her lord Samoa, and with a strange fancy for pilfering, even the compass and the very nails of the ships, coiling herself up in the rigging and other freakish ways about ship. She goes down with the Parki in a sudden tempest, and the remaining three take again to their good whale boat, the Chamois. The storm is a model of what we will call the gentlemanly school of nautical writing. Ye thousand American whalers, send us such another Jonah out of your fore-castle jaws to pen such another:—

THE PARKI GIVES UP THE GHOST.

"A long calm in the boat, and now, God help us, another in the brigantine. It was airless and profound."

"In that hot calm, we lay fixed and frozen in like Parry at the Pole. The sun played upon the glassy sea like the sun upon the glaciers."

"At the end of two days we lifted up our eyes and beheld a low, creeping, hungry cloud expanding like an army, wing and wing, along the eastern horizon. Instantly Jarl bade me take heed."

"Here be it said, that though for weeks and weeks reign over the equatorial latitudes of the Pacific, the mildest and sunniest of days; that nevertheless, when storms do come, they come in their strength: spending in a few, brief blasts their concentrated rage. They come like the Mamelukes: they charge, and away."

"It wanted full an hour to sunset; but the sun was well nigh obscured. It seemed toiling among bleak Seythian steeps in the hazy background. Above the storm-cloud flitted ominous patches of scud, rapidly advancing and receding: Attila's skirmishers, thrown forward in the van of his Huns. Beneath, a fitful shadow slid along the surface. As we gazed, the cloud came nearer; accelerating its approach."

"With all haste we proceeded to furl the sails, which, owing to the calm, had been hanging loose in the brails. And by help of a spare boom, used on the fore-castle-deck as a sweep or great oar, we endeavored to cast the brigantine's head towards the foe."

"The storm seemed about to overtake us; but we felt no breeze. The noiseless cloud stole on; its advancing shadow lowering over a distinct and prominent milk-white crest upon the surface of the ocean. But now this line of surging foam came rolling down upon us like a white charge of cavalry: mad Hotspur and plumed Murat at its head; pouring right forward in a continuous frothy cascade, which curled over and fell upon the glassy sea before it."

"Still, no breath of air. But of a sudden, like a blow from a man's hand, and before our canvas could be secured, the stunned craft, giving one lurch to port, was stricken down on her beam-ends; the roaring tide dashed high up against her windward side, and drops of brine fell upon the deck, heavy as drops of gore."

"It was all a din and a mist; a crashing of spars and of ropes; a horrible blending of sights and of sounds; as for an instant we seemed in the hot heart of the gale; our cordage, like harp-strings, shrieking above the fury of the blast. The masts rose, and swayed, and dipped their trucks in the sea. And like unto some stricken buffalo brought low to the plain, the brigantine's black hull, shaggy with sea-weed, lay panting on its flank in the foam."

"Frantically we clung to the uppermost bulwarks. And now, loud above the roar of the sea, was suddenly heard a sharp, splintering sound, as of a Norway woodman felling a pine in the forest. It was brave Jarl, who foremost of all had snatched from its rack against the main mast, the axe, always there kept."

"Cut the lanyards to windward!" he cried; and again buried his axe into the mast. He was quickly obeyed. And upon cutting the third lanyard of the five, he shouted for us to pause. Dropping his axe, he climbed up to windward. As he clutched the rail, the wounded mast snapped in twain with a report like a cannon. A slight smoke was perceptible where it broke. The remaining lanyards parted. From the violent strain upon them, the two shrouds flew madly into the air, and one of the great blocks at their ends, striking Annatoo upon the forehead, she let go her hold upon a stanchion, and sliding across the aslant deck, was swallowed up in the whirlpool under our lee. Samoa shrieked. But there was no time to mourn; no hand could reach to save."

"By the connecting stays, the mainmast carried over with it the foremast; when we instantly righted, and for the time were saved; my own royal Viking our saviour."

"The first fury of the gale was gone. But far to leeward was seen the even, white line of its onset, pawing the ocean into foam. All round us, the sea boiled like ten thousand caldrons; and through eddy, wave, and surge, our almost water-logged craft waded heavily; every dead dash ringing hollow against her hull, like blows upon a coffin."

"We floated a wreck. With every pitch we lifted our dangling jib-boom into the air; and beating against the side, were the shattered fragments

of the masts. From these we made all haste to be free, by cutting the rigging that held them."

"Soon, the worst of the gale was blown over. But the sea ran high. Yet the rack and scud of the tempest, its mad, tearing foam, was subdued into immense, long-extended, and long-rolling billows; the white cream on their crests like snow on the Andes. Ever and anon we hung poised on their brows; when the furrowed ocean all round looked like a panorama from Chimborazo."

"A few hours more, and the surges went down. There was a moderate sea, a steady breeze, and a clear, starry sky."

"Such was the storm that came after our calm."

Is not that exquisite—in sense, feeling, and "a remoter charm—unborrowed from the eye?"

But we must on to Mardi. The Chamois is now in the neighborhood of the isles, and one day meets a sacred embassy, of two long canoes lashed together, Polynesian fashion, bearing on the platform a venerable priest, his company and—a maiden for sacrifice.

A GROUP.

"It was a curious sight. The old priest, like a scroll of old parchment, covered all over with hieroglyphical devices, harder to interpret, I'll warrant, than any old Sanscrit manuscript. And upon his broad brow, deep-graven in wrinkles, were characters still more mysterious, which no Champollion nor gipsy could have deciphered. He looked old as the elderly hills; eyes sunken, though bright; and head white as the summit of Mont Blanc."

"The rest were a youthful and comely set: their complexion that of Gold Sherry, and all tattooed after this pattern: two broad cross-stripes on the chest and back, reaching down to the waist, like a foot-soldier's harness. Their faces were full of expression; and their mouths were full of fine teeth; so that the parting of their lips was as the opening of pearl oysters. Marked, here and there, after the style of Tahiti, with little round figures in blue, dotted in the middle with a spot of vermilion, their brawny brown thighs looked not unlike the gallant hams of Westphalia, spotted with the red dust of Cayenne."

The damsel must be rescued; and in the fray the priest is slain. This is the tragedy of the book. His lean avengers haunt us afterwards through all its summer luxuriousness.

The maiden is a beautiful conception. Fay-away is mere earthiness before her spirituality. The snow white girl, with the blue eyes and golden hair of the north, is a rarity in Polynesia physically marked for early death, and hence devoted by the priests to sacrifice. All that she knows of herself has been told her by those cunning spiritual jugglers, who had invented a poetical religious faith for her in Amma. "Her name was Yillah. And hardly had the waters of Oroolia washed white her olive skin, and tinged her hair with gold, when one day strolling in the woodlands, she was snared in the tendrils of a vine. Drawing her into its bowers, it gently transformed her into one of its blossoms, leaving her conscious soul folded up in the transparent petals." Her residence in Ardair, the valley guarded by the priests, is exquisitely contrived; we are with difficulty restrained from quoting the entire chapter. It must suffice for us to say that this maiden's supernatural character, as it were, hovers about her always present, even after her rescue. There is an instinct of mortality, of the unjustly disappointed and slain old Priest, a foreshadowing of early death, which is highly poetical. The maiden subsequently disappears at one of the islands in flight. Her rescuer goes in pursuit of her, but she is never found; the unknown region to which she has made wing never penetrated.

The shores of "Mardi" are now gained. On this strange soil the little crew of the Chamois is received. Its hero is mistaken for a demi-god from the sun, and henceforth figures as Taji. The humor of the introduction of the celestial visitors is in a fine vein. Up to this point all has been comparatively plain sailing,—but we must introduce his godship and pause—the largest part of the work yet before us, for another week:—

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE SUN.

"Never before had I seen the deep foliage of woodlands navigated by canoes. But on they came sailing through the leaves; two abreast; borne on men's shoulders; in each a chief, carried along to the measured march of his bearers; paddle-blades reversed under arms. As they emerged, the multitude made gestures of homage. At the distance of some eight or ten paces the procession halted; when the kings alighted to the ground.

"They were fine looking men, arrayed in various garbs. Rare the show of stained feathers, and jewels, and other adornments. Brave the floating of dyed mantles.

"The regal bearing of these personages, the deference paid them, and their entire self-possession, not a little surprised me. And it seemed preposterous to assume a divine dignity in the presence of these undoubted potentates of *terra firma*. Taji seemed oozing from my fingers' ends. But courage! and erecting my crest, I strove to look every inch the character I had determined to assume.

"For a time, it was almost impossible to tell with what emotions precisely the chiefs were regarding me. They said not a word.

"But plucking up heart of grace, I crossed my cutlass on my chest, and reposing my hand on the hilt, addressed their High Mightinesses thus: 'Men of Mardi, I come from the sun. When this morning it rose and touched the wave, I pushed my shallop from its golden beach, and hither sailed before its level rays. I am Taji.'

"More would have been added, but I paused for the effect of my exordium.

"Stepping back a pace or two, the chiefs eagerly conversed.

"Emboldened, I returned to the charge, and labored hard to impress them with just such impressions of me and mine, as I deemed desirable. The gentle Yillah was a seraph from the sun; Samoa I had picked off a reef in my route from that orb; and as for the Skyeman, why, as his name imported, he came from above. In a word, we were all strolling divinities.

"Advancing towards the Chamois, one of the kings, a calm old man, now addressed me as follows:—Is this indeed Taji? he who, according to a tradition, was to return to us after five thousand moons? But that period is yet unexpired. What brings thee hither then, Taji, before thy time? Thou wast but a quarrelsome demi-god, say the legends, when thou dwelt among our sires. But wherefore comest thou, Taji? Truly, thou wilt interfere with the worship of thy images, and we have plenty of gods besides thee. But comest thou to fight?—We have plenty of spears, and desire not thine. Comest thou to dwell?—Small are the houses of Mardi. Or comest thou to fish in the sea? Tell us, Taji.'

"Now, all this was a series of poses hard to be answered; furnishing curious example, moreover, of the reception given to strange demi-gods when they travel without their portmanteaus; and also of the familiar manner in which these kings address the immortals. Much I mourned that I had not previously studied better my part, and learned the precise nature of my previous existence in the land.

"But nothing like carrying it bravely.

"Attend. Taji comes, old man, because it pleases him to come. And Taji will depart when it suits him. Ask the shades of your sires whether Taji thus scurvily greeted them, when they came stalking into his presence in the land of

spirits. No. Taji spread the banquet. He removed their mantles. He kindled a fire to drive away the damp. He said not, "Come you to fight, you fogs and vapors? come you to dwell? or come you to fish in the sea?" Go to, then, kings of Mardi!

"Upon this, the old king fell back; and his place was supplied by a noble chief, of a free, frank bearing. Advancing quickly towards the boat, he exclaimed— I am Media, the son of Media. Thrice welcome, Taji. On my island of Odo hast thou an altar. I claim thee for my guest.' He then reminded the rest, that the strangers had voyaged far, and needed repose. And, furthermore, that he proposed escorting them forthwith to his own dominions; where, next day, he would be happy to welcome all visitants.

"And good as his word, he commanded his followers to range themselves under the Chamois. Springing out of our prow, the Upoluan was followed by Jarl; leaving Yillah and Taji to be borne therein towards the sea.

"Soon, we were once more afloat; by our side, Media sociably seated; six of his paddlers, perched upon the gunwale, swiftly urging us over the lagoon.

"The transition from the grove to the sea was instantaneous. All seemed a dream.

"The place to which we were hastening, being some distance away, as we rounded isle after isle, the extent of the Archipelago grew upon us greatly."

The American Bee Keeper's Manual; being a practical treatise on the history and economy of the honey bee, embracing a full illustration of the whole subject, with the most approved methods of managing this insect through every branch of its culture, the result of many years' experience. By T. B. Miner. Embellished by 35 beautiful engravings. New York: C. M. Saxton, 121 Fulton street. 1849.

THE object of Mr. Miner is the dissemination of such information as shall be profitable to the bee-husbandman, rather than merely to satisfy the lazy dreams of reading amateurs. Of course if he has been successful in pointing out the true methods for securing the largest harvest of honey, he must have discovered, and will in some form or other disclose the principles on which the insect labors, and the laws of its circumscribed monarchy. Of all writers on the subject of the bee, Huber holds the highest rank in general estimation; it is well known that he was almost totally blind, and admiration at the pursuit of his observations under so great a difficulty, and the simplicity and love of nature displayed in his writings, have united in giving a character and authority to his statements. While Mr. Miner acknowledges the truth of many of Huber's discoveries, he is not disposed to endorse everything maintained by the Swiss apiarian in spite of the number of his copiers and imitators.

The general natural history of the bee is contained in the first part of the work, and all that is stated we understand has been verified by personal observation. And we may say that it can be seen from a simple perusal that Mr. Miner is a man of considerable vigor of observation, and not a little shrewdness and knowledge of men as well as bees.

The second and larger portion is devoted to the practical management of the apiary. And here we may as well sum up the leading ideas of his system in the management and arrangements of the hives and their tenants. He is particular as to the size of the hive, as on this depends the maximum result in two directions; first, to secure the largest amount of honey from the labors of the present family; secondly, the gain for the future of the best-conditioned and largest number of families. Thus a small hive will not allow the bees to work to advantage, a large hive will send out a limited progeny. The medium size recommended, is one foot in each direction, as most conformable to the instincts of the bee and the best adapted to the productive power of the queen. The statistics of

the increase of the bee are given by Mr. Miner as nearly as can be estimated; as bees in a first swarm 6,500, in a second 4,500, remaining in the parent hive 8,000, produced in the first swarm 6,000. Total 25,000. The life of the worker bee is supposed to average less than a year; therefore, this annual increase is likely to be absorbed in a large hive, and from such a source no swarm can in the usual course of things be expected. The floor of the hive should be so arranged that the moisture may run off; this is effected by bevelling the bottom in all directions, or inclining the floor at an angle. Another provision is placing the hive on the floor so that it shall rest on four short legs of stout iron wire, sufficiently strong for its support, so that when it is convenient to close the hive the wires may drop into holes bored in the floor. Of course a space is left front and rear unenclosed for ventilation. The size of the hive mentioned is exclusive of the super, or box on the top used for collecting the surplus honey, the depth of which is about two thirds that of the hive proper. The communication is effected by several inch and a quarter holes closed by a contrivance of Mr. Miner's, which admits of rapid adjustment. These improvements have been patented, and we recommend them and the work, which we like for its independent tone, and the amount of practical information it contains, to the discriminating judgment of American Apianians.

The Generals of the last war with Great Britain. By John S. Jenkins. Auburn: Derby, Miller, and Co., 1849.

THIS work, which is dedicated to Zachary Taylor, contains memoirs of Brown, Gaines, Harrison, Jackson, Macomb, Pike, and Scott. It is a useful summary, written in an easy style, of the leading incidents of the war. "There has been no attempt," says the writer in the preface, after enumerating some of his chief authorities, "at fine writing, but great pains have been taken to render the entries full, comprehensive, and historically accurate; and they are believed to be more entitled to confidence in this respect, than any which have preceded them."

Greek Lessons: consisting of selections from Xenophon's Anabasis, with directions for the study of the grammar, notes, exercises in translation from English into Greek, and a vocabulary by Alpheus Crosby, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Dartmouth College. Boston: Tappan, Whittemore, and Mason, 1849.

A WELL prepared work of unquestionable practical value in the acquisition of the Greek language. We commend it to the notice of teachers.

The Ladies' Work Table Book: containing clear and practical instructions in plain and fancy needlework, embroidery, netting, and crochet, with numerous engravings, &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

WE have only to add to the title, that this comprehensive work is well printed and illustrated. It appears to be a reprint of an English work.

Sharpe's London Magazine for March. George Virtue, agent, 26 John street.

AN exceedingly well made up magazine, of the better popular class of Chambers's Miscellany, with illustrations. The engravings are a steel plate of one of Stanfield's Views in Brittany and a wood cut, "Lord Ullin's Daughter." There is a travelling and historical sketch, by Agnes Strickland; a continuous story; a paper on the "Economy of Punishment," and two quite original and attractive series of articles, "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton" (in the Lady Willoughby style), and a sketch of "Shakespeare's Soldiers," by Mary Cowden Clarke. There are besides well written reviews, scientific paragraphs, &c.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron, with notes. Illustrated with numerous engravings. Part I. George Virtue, London and New York.

THIS is the first number of a pictorial edition of

Blackburne's Sketches, Graphic and Descriptive,
for a History of the Decorative Painting applied
to English Architecture during the Middle
Ages. 1 vol. 4to.

Brees's Rural Architecture. 1 vol. folio.
 Briseux (C. E.)—L'art de bâtir des maisons de campagne. 2 vols. 4to.
 Britton's Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain. 5 vols. 4to.
 Britton's Cathedral Antiquities of Great Britain. 6 vols. 4to.
 Britton's Antiquities of Redcliffe Church, Bristol. 1 vol. 8vo.
 The Builder. 6 vols. 4to.
 Chateaufort, Architectura Domestica. 1 vol. folio.
 Civil Engineer's and Architect's Journal. 10 vols. 4to.
 Clochar.—Palais, Maisons, et Vues d'Italie. 1 vol. folio.
 Colman (W. G.)—Interior and Exterior Views of Cathedrals, Churches, &c., in Northern France. 1 vol. 4to.
 Dallaway's English Architecture. 1 vol. roy. 8vo.
 Detournelle.—Recueil d'Architecture nouvelle. 1 vol. fol.
 Dodwell's Pelasgic Remains in Greece and Italy. 1 vol. royal fol.
 Dubut.—Architecture civile, maisons de ville et de campagne, &c. 1 vol. fol.
 Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum. New edition, by Caley, Ellis & Bandinel. 8 vols. fol.
 Durandus on the Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments; with Notes, by Neale and Webb. 1 vol. 8vo.
 Egypt and the Pyramids.—Vyse and Perring's Description and Views of. 4 vols. 8vo. and fol.
 Ferguson.—Rock-cut Temples of India. 1 vol. imp. fol.
 Gailhabaud.—Monumens, anciens et modernes; formant une histoire générale de l'architecture des différens peuples à toutes les époques—French and English. 2 vols. 4to.
 Gauthier.—Les plus beaux édifices de la ville de Genes. 1 vol. fol.
 Grandjean, Architecture Toscane. 1 vol. fol.
 Gell and Gandy's Pompeiana. 2 vols. royal 8vo.
 Goodwin's Domestic Architecture. 1 vol. 4to.
 Hope.—Historical Essay on Architecture. 2 vols. royal 8vo.
 Hunt's Architectural Works. 4 vols. royal 4to.
 Ingram's Memorials of Oxford; with engravings by Le Keux, from drawings by Mackenzie. 2 vols. 4to.
 Klenze.—Sammlung Architectonischer Entwürfe. 1 vol. fol.
 Laing (D.)—Plans, Elevations, and Sections of Buildings in England. 1 vol. fol.
 Le Doux. L'Architecture considérée sous le rapport de l'Art. 2 vols. fol.
 London Interiors. 2 vols. 4to.
 Macchi.—Architettura Militare. 5 vols. atlas folio.
 Middleton (J. J.)—Grecian Remains in Italy. 1 vol. 4to.
 Milizia.—Memorie degli architetti. 2 vol. 8vo.
 Nash (J.)—Mansions of England in the Olden Time. 1 vol. fol.
 Paine (James).—Plans, Elevations, and Sections of Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Houses in England. 2 vols. fol.
 Palladio.—Architecture in four books. With Notes by Inigo Jones. Revised and Designed by Leoni. 4 vols. fol.
 Pickett (W. V.)—New System of Architecture, adapted to the properties of Iron and other metals. 1 vol. 8vo.
 Provis.—Account of the Suspension Bridge over the Menai Strait. 1 vol. fol.
 Revue Generale de l'Architecture et des Travaux publics. 2 vols. 4to.
 Richardson.—New Vitruvius Britannicus. 1 vol. fol.
 Robinson's Architectural Works. 6 vols. 4to., viz: Rural Architecture—Ornamental Villas—New series of Ornamental Cottages—Village Architecture—Farm Buildings—Gate, Cottage, and Park Entrances.
 Quatremère de Quincy.—Vies des Architectes. 2 vols. 8vo.
 Romberg.—Journal of Practical Architecture. 8 vols. 4to.

Ramée.—Le moyen âge monumental et Archéologique—monumens les plus remarquables de l'Europe depuis le 6^e jusqu'au 16^e siècle. 2 vols. fol.
 Sepp's Inland and Foreign Ornamental Marbles and Woods. 2 vols. royal 4to.
 Soane's (Sir John) Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. 1 vol. 4to.
 Steiglitz.—34 Kupfer für Alldutschen Baukunst. 1 vol. folio.
 Storer's Cathedral Antiquities of England and Wales. 4 vols. 8vo.
 Storer's Illustrations of Cambridge. 1 vol. fol.
 Stuart's Dictionary of Architecture. 3 vols. 8vo.
 Vanvrielli.—Palazzo di Caserta. 1 vol. imp. fol.
 Vitruvii.—Architecture, ex recensione Poleni et Simonis Stratico. 8 vols. 4to.
 Vitruvius's Civil Architecture, by Wilkins. 1 vol. 4to.
 Whitlock's Decorative Painter. 1 vol. 4to.
 Windsor Castle.—Exterior and Interior, from Nash's work. Fol.
 Wightwick's Palace of Architecture. 1 vol. imp. 8vo.

Music.

THE Italian opera, under Mr. Maretzek, has been going on during the last fortnight under the most favorable auspices, so far at least as admirable representation, and the most careful performances of opera, are concerned. The attendance has been good, but we fear not sufficiently so to satisfy every one, and some rumors are afloat relative to a revival of the subscription list. 'I Puritani, the first performance of the newly organized company, proved, however, completely successful. Donizetti's Belisario was produced for the first time last week. It has been arranged with great care and attention to details, the laborious part of the hero being confided to Signor Novelli, who acquitted himself well. We have rarely heard him sing to greater advantage; the heavy tone that runs throughout his rôle was suited to his style, while his voice, particularly in his recitative, was given out with more energy than usual. His singing and acting were both careful and artistic. Mademoiselle Borghese, in the part of Irene, one in which she charmed this audience some short time since, appeared to very great advantage. She sang with much skill and taste; her voice, never powerful or extensive, gives evidence of judicious training; there is no exaggeration, no forcing, no straining after effective passages. Her music is always conscientiously delivered, and if we have no fervor of enthusiasm, neither have we any errors of judgment. Her execution, faithful to her French school, is clear and brilliant. Her acting is graceful and lady-like, and were it not for an occasional nasal tone, that will break out, there would be nothing to complain of. Irene is a part even more suited to her than that of Elvina, in the Puritani; the idea is more simple and complete in itself; throughout the opera she displayed feeling and judgment. Signor Corelli, as Alamo, performed less to our taste than he generally does; he has perceived, what every artist appearing before this audience must feel, that the more refined beauties of genuine good singing are as likely as not to pass totally unheeded, while a little eager declamation, an energetic shout, a little of the Benedetti furor, in short, will always secure the suffrages of the house. Into this style, then, Signor Corelli is falling, or at least to this he condescended last week; we cannot imagine that a singer with his natural refinement and acquired experience, will long pander to ignorance in this manner: it is probably but an experiment, which, when he sees how his audience are to be mastered, will lead

him to improve their taste, and exalt the tone of their musical ideas. Signora Fasciotta, as Antonina, made but a doubtful impression. There was much good will and anxiety to please in her performance, but it was likewise lamentably deficient in everything that marked the singer. A voice so untutored and disordered has rarely, we are convinced, been heard upon any stage; it requires some years of arduous study to render it manageable; under these circumstances, so important a part as Antonina could hardly be considered a success in her hands. She has doubtless a feeling for her profession, but requires direction and experience. The choruses were well sung, and the whole opera produced with great care and taste; and we may honestly state it to be the best *tout ensemble* of the season.

Of the sacred concerts announced to be given at the Tabernacle last week, the first proved to be a bad performance of an excellent programme, and the second, though announced in the papers of Saturday morning, was found in the evening to have been postponed. There is a negligence or want of management in these frequent alterations and disappointments, that certainly calls for some amendment.

"*Dream of the Ocean*; waltz, by Joseph Gung'l, as performed by his band:" Firth & Pond.

"*Leggat's march*, composed by Allen Duthworth." Firth & Pond.

Song, "*Give me my arrows and give me my bow*;" written and composed by Samuel Lover. Firth & Pond.

We must call attention to these new publications, as deserving the notice of the musical world. The first is one of Gung'l's popular waltzes, arranged for the pianoforte. The second is an excellent march, precisely suited to a good band of wind instruments, being melodious and simple, and offers a variety which it is often difficult to find.

Lover's song, upon an Indian superstition of the Manitou Islands, is in his usual vein, we might almost say in his usual tempo; it is a "taking" air, and like all his songs, will become popular.

Original Poetry.

TO THE GENIUS OF LITERATURE
 (*A little Statue on the Mantel in my Study*).

BY MRS. S. ANNA LEWIS.

Thy little foot uplifted on thy knee,
 Thine eyes intently bent upon thy book,
 As in a transcendental Revery,
 Ne'er deigning round my study-room to look,
 There thou dost mutely sit from day to day,
 Lost in the dreamy realm of Fantasy;
 Yet o'er my heart thou holdst a mighty sway,
 And sagest lessons dost impart to me
 Of Art, and Beauty, and the wealth of Lore;
 The unfathomable seas of Mind and Love;
 The meed for lofty effort held in store,
 Till aspiration lifts my Soul above,
 And I am drunk on intellectual Joy—
 My own—my beautiful, mute, marble Boy.

(From George Borrow's *Romantic Ballads*.)

SAINT OLUF.

FROM THE OLD DANISH.

St. Oluf was a mighty king,
 Who rul'd the Northern land;
 The holy Christian faith he preach'd,
 And taught it, sword in hand.

St. Oluf built a lofty ship,
 With sails of silk so fair;
 "To Hornelummer I must go,
 And see what's passing there."

"O do not go," the seamen said,
"To yonder fatal ground,
Where savage Jutts, and wicked elves,
And demon sprites, abound."

St. Oluf climb'd the vessel's side;
His courage naught could tame!
"Heave up, heave up the anchor straight;
Let's go in Jesus' name."

"The cross shall be my faulchion now—
The book of God my shield;
And, arm'd with them, I hope and trust
To make the demons yield."

And swift, as eagle cleaves the sky,
The gallant vessel flew;
Direct for Hornelummer's rock,
Through ocean's wavy blue.

'T was early in the morning tide
When she cast anchor there;
And, lo! the Jutt stood on the cliff,
To breathe the morning air:

His eyes were like the burning beal—
His mouth was all awry;
The truth I tell, and say he stood
Full twenty cubits high:

His beard was like a horse's mane,
And down his bosom roll'd;
The claws that fenc'd his finger ends
Were frightful to behold.

"I never yet have seen," he cried,
"A ship from near my strand,
That here to shore I could not drag,
By putting out my hand."

The good St. Oluf smil'd thereat,
And thus address'd his crew:
"Now hold your tongues, and well observe
What I'm about to do."

The giant stretch'd his mighty arm;
The ship was nigh his own;
But when St. Oluf rais'd the cross,
He sank knee-deep in stone.

"Here am I, sunk knee-deep in stone!
My legs I cannot move;
But, since my back and fists are free,
My might thou yet shalt prove."

"Be still, be still, thou noisy guest—
Be still for evermore;
Become a rock and beetle there,
Above the billows hoar."

Up started then, from out the hill,
The demon's hoary wife;
She curs'd the king a thousand times,
And brandish'd high her knife.

Sore wonder'd then the little elves,
Who sat within the hill,
To see their mother all at once,
Stand likewise stiff and still:

"'Tis done," they cried, "by yonder wight,
Who rides upon the waves—
Let's wade out to him, through the surf,
And beat him with our staves."

At Hornelummer happen'd then,
What happen'd ne'er before;
The elves wish'd to leave the hill,
And could not find a door:

They ran their heads against the wall,
And tried to break it through;
They could not break the solid rock
But broke their necks in lieu.

Now, thanks to God, and Jesus Christ,
And good St. Oluf's arm,
To Hornelummer we can sail
Without mishap or harm.

OF INJURIES.—"Hath any wronged thee? be
bravely revenged; sleight it, and the work's begun;
forgive it, and 'tis finish'd; he is below himself that
is not above an injury."—*Quarles's Enchiridion*.

What is Talked About.

*Mr. Long's Paper on the Architectural Remains
of America—The Studio of Mr. West—
Fergusson's Researches in Jerusalem—Visit
to the Lecture-room of Michelet.*

An unusual degree of interest was excited at the New York Historical Society's Meeting, on Tuesday last, by Mr. Cary Long's paper on *The Architectural Remains of America*. The members had listened drowsily for an hour or more to a communication on New York Antiquities, full of worn-out sentimentality about the "Council Fires of the Red Men," &c., before Mr. Long addressed the meeting—very few words were sufficient to show that a theme, and a writer worthy of it, was before them, and he was listened to with unflagging attention through a long and elaborate Essay. The objects of the writer were twofold; 1st, to vindicate the claims of architectural science as one of the most important ends towards re-constructing the unwritten history of the early ages of the world, from the sure groundwork of existing monuments, and to explain the principles of its application. 2d, To deduce from these principles, when applied to the Aboriginal Architecture of America, the necessary consequences. Taking the Architecture of Ancient Egypt as a type of the self-coloring process continually going on in the life of a nation, when removed as much as possible from external influence, Mr. Long proceeded to compare the successive developments of the art from the first rude tumulus or pyramidal structure heaped over the body of the dead, and consecrated by its very purpose to religious feelings and uses to the solemn Temple structure; still in its outline bearing traces of its origin, but adorned and constructed with all the skill that the existing state of civilization will allow. The steps which lie between these extremes were illustrated by drawings of Egyptian Monuments, and to each of these a most striking parallelism was afforded by similar drawings of American Remains taken from the works of Nebel, Catherwood, &c. The identity of development in the two regions was shown to be so exact that any transmission or borrowing of ideas from one country by another, such as a colony within the historic period would take with it, became highly improbable; and the conclusion was drawn that if any connexion existed between the aborigines of America and the inhabitants of the old world, it must have been at the primeval period beyond the reach of Monumental History, as this clearly exemplifies in its existing remains a regular progress of design and adaptation similar to that which we find in other countries, and unbroken by any foreign or intrusive element. We do injustice to Mr. Long in this brief statement; his paper was so closely reasoned and contained so much matter, that it would be impossible to abridge it. Suffice it to say, that a more learned, eloquent Essay has seldom been heard in New York. We are glad to hear that it will be published entire with Lithographic illustrations by the author in the next number of the Historical Society's Monthly Bulletin, and will be richly worth the annual subscription of \$1, for which that periodical is furnished to the members.

A recent visit to the studio of the artist, Mr. W. E. WEST, has afforded us high gratification, which, we are happy to learn, is to be shared by the public, as two specimens of the artist's skill and taste are to be immediately exhibited at the Art-Union. Mr. West is doubtless the best example among us of the English school. From the account given of

him in "Sketches of Eminent American Painters," it appears he passed many years in London, and is an ardent lover of Wilkie, Leslie, Newton, and others of that class. The high finish of Mr. West's pictures will strike the most casual observer. He is an artist of the most refined taste, and works up his conceptions with patient assiduity. The two pictures to be seen at the Art-Union are "The Present," a cabinet-sized work, depicting a family group, and the emotions awakened in each member by the arrival of a beautiful present designed for one of them. Surprise, delight, curiosity, envy, sympathy, and indifference, are admirably expressed in the different faces. A more charming picture for the drawing-room we have seldom seen. The other is a finely-colored "Cupid and Psyche," very beautiful.

Mr. James Fergusson, F.R.A.S., in an Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem, has shown that the tomb now pointed out as that of our Lord cannot be such, but was no doubt constructed in the Middle Ages, for the purpose of imposing upon the credulity of the Pilgrims. The real tomb of our Lord, he states, was not, if we refer to the records of the Evangelists, or to the writings of Eusebius, artificially constructed, but was hewn out of the solid rock. That exhibited as the sepulchre is composed of masonry, regularly laid in mortar, and raised above the ground, whilst the disciples are described as *looking down* in it. Mr. Fergusson further maintains, that the building now called the Mosque of Omar, must be the original Byzantine Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with some Saracenic additions, that was erected by Constantine; and he shows that the cave, which occupies the spot immediately under the Dome, answers precisely to every description given of the true sepulchre.

The Paris correspondent, "Sigma," of the *Courier and Enquirer*, in a Letter dated Feb. 7, records a visit to the Lecture room of Michelet, at the College of France, whose discourses, suspended by Louis Philippe just before the Revolution of 1848, were among the symptoms of that event. The allusion at the close, is evidently to Mr. Raymond, and the writer's participation with him in studies at Burlington, under the guidance of JAMES MARSH.

"Not discouraged by two or three previous ineffectual efforts to get within hearing distance, I resolved the other day to take time by the forelock, and went up to the college nearly half an hour before the professor's lecture was to commence. Early as I arrived, I found a long queue of young men, extending from the closet door of the hall far out into the porches and court of the building. They were in a glorious state of excitement, singing the *Marseillaise* and the *Ca Ira*, and shouting *A bas Guizot! A bas Falloux!* The ferment continued to increase until the clock over our heads struck one, and the doors of the lecture room were opened. The crowd precipitated itself like a torrent into the interior; the hall, though capable of containing many hundreds, was at once filled to repletion, and the stairways and adjacent passages were blocked up with a living mass. The front seats were occupied by ladies previously admitted by a private entrance. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, filled up with singing and clamors against obnoxious public men, the little door behind the lecturer's desk opened. M. MICHELET made his appearance, and was instantaneously greeted with a burst of welcome that made the vaulted roof ring

again. He is a small, well-knit, well-dressed man, about sixty years of age, with long grey hair, and a cast of features not handsome, but indicative of keen penetration and great decision. His discourse, if discourse that can be called, which was rather an off-handed speech than an elaborate dissertation, lasted about three quarters of an hour. He used no notes, but yet his ideas never failed in force, nor his language in nerve. As he proceeded he completely carried the feelings of his youthful audience with him, and frequently elicited most enthusiastic plaudits.

"Mr. MICHELET's lectures profess to be an application of the Philosophy of History to the history of the last three centuries: but they actually relate as much to the Present and the Future as to the Past. He thinks that France has been in a strange dream during the past year, and that all around her now is confusion and uncertainty; yet he believes in the perfectibility of our race, and is never tired of contemplating the glories of a not distant age. He teaches that humanity has not hitherto followed the normal line, the original law of its development; that it has been enslaved by systems and institutions, and particularly that it has surrendered its liberty and strength into the hands of an arbitrary Church, which finds its only sanction in mystery. It is not only the authority of a particular creed or its situation that he denies: he reprobates and rejects all authority whatsoever. It is unworthy of the man, he says, to submit implicitly to any power, not even to deity itself. God, like a mother who delights in a froward child, loves to have a man struggle with him, as Jacob of old struggled with the angels. Such proud, indomitable spirits as VOLTAIRE and RABELAIS are his especial favorites. Absolute independence, the Professor affirms, is man's inalienable birthright—his imprescriptible prerogative; and he makes moral grandeur to consist not in submission to a higher law, but in rebellion to the whole invisible world. Prometheus chained to a rock and eternally defying the powers of heaven, seems to be his ideal of perfect humanity: while he considers liberty the paramount necessity of man's nature, fraternity finds no place in his system. He would illuminate the world from the republican device. It pre-suffers the obligation of love, involves the surrender of a portion of our moral freedom, and destroys perfect individuality.

"As these doctrines were advanced, Messrs. Editors, I could not but revert to bygone times, when one of you and I were taught in words of such meek wisdom, by that venerated preceptor who is now sleeping cold in death on the banks of Champlain, that self-sacrifice is the loftiest of all loyalty, and subjection to the Divine will the sublimest of all triumphs.

"Such men as M. MICHELET are not to pass unheeded; for, though they figure not on the stage of political life, they fashion the spirits that make the revolution of the age."

Varieties.

UNPUBLISHED SONG.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

THERE is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee;
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me!

THERE are tears for the many,
And Pleasure for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you!

There is care that will not leave us,
And Pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unaltered
Sits Love 'tween you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,
Yet good it is and true;
It's half the world to me, dear,
It's all the world to you!

THE ABUSE OF BIOGRAPHY.—In these times, we repeat, no man of the least mark or likelihood is safe. The waiter with the bandy-legs, who hands round the negus-tray at a blue-stocking coterie, is in all probability a leading contributor to a fifth-rate periodical; and in a few days after you have been rash enough to accept the insidious beverage, Maetavish will be correcting the proof of an article in which your appearance and conversation are described. Mistrust the gentleman in the plush terminations; he, too, is a penny-a-liner, and keeps a common-place book in the pantry. Better give up writing at once than live in such a perpetual state of bondage. What amount of present fame can recompense you for being shown up as a noodle, or worse, to your children's children? Nay, recollect this, that you are implicating your personal, and, perhaps, most innocent friends. Bob accompanies you home from an insurance society dinner, where the champagne has been rather superabundant, and next morning, you, as a bit of fun, write to the president that the watchman had picked up Bob in a state of helpless inebriety from the kennel. The president, after the manner of the Fogies, duly doquets your note with name and date, and puts it up with a parcel of others, secured by red tape. You die. Your literary executor writes to the president, stating his biographical intentions, and requesting all documents that may tend to throw light upon your personal history. Preses, in deep ecstasy at the idea of seeing his name in print as the recipient of your epistolary favors, immediately transmits the packet; and the consequence is, that Robert is most unjustly handed down to posterity in the character of an habitual drunkard, although it is a fact that a more abstinent creature never went home to his wife at ten. If you are an author, and your spouse is ailing, don't give the details to your intimate friend, if you would not wish to publish them to the world. Drop all correspondence, if you are wise, and have any ambition to stand well in the eyes of the coming generation. Let your conversation be as curt as a Quaker's, and select no one for a friend unless you have the meanest possible opinion of his capacity. Even in that case you are hardly secure. Perhaps the best mode of combining philanthropy, society, and safety, is to have nobody in the house, save an old woman, who is so utterly deaf that you must order your dinner by pantomime.—*Blackwood's Magazine* for February.

Publishers' Circular.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The Poem inclosed by J. E. L., respectfully declined—also "Jacopo." "Originals by A." may be had on application at the office. An article by Q., on orthography, in type for our next. The CLIV. Meeting of The Colonel's Club in our next.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

An original American translation by Mr. Plunkett, of *Les Confidences* of Lamartine, is now ready from the press of Messrs. APPLETON.

A volume of "Indian Traditions," obtained and translated by Charles Lanman, will appear from the press of Bentley, London. Mr. Lanman's "Letters from the Alleghany Mountains" are about to be published in Boston.

MESSRS. LITTLE & BROWN have issued proposals for publishing by subscription the "Life and Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States."

The Collection is to be made and edited by the Hon. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the depository of all the Manuscripts as well of JOHN ADAMS, as of

his father, the late JOHN QUINCY ADAMS; and is intended as the first of two great publications, elucidating the History of the Rise and Progress of these United States from the year 1761, in which the revolutionary struggle first began, down to the year 1848, when the younger Adams died.

The works will be brought out from time to time, commencing during the autumn of 1849, and completed within a reasonable period, consistently with proper attention to the high character designed to be given to them, and in the following order.

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7. Life, by John Quincy Adams, continued by the Editor.
8. Original unpublished Letters of Franklin, Jefferson, Jay, Izard, the Lees, Laurens, Gerry, Dana, and other eminent Patriots of the Revolution.

An agent for this publication, W. W. Einfield, for New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, is now on a tour collecting subscriptions. The well known high character of the publishing house which has undertaken this work, is a sufficient guarantee for its faithful execution.

Mr. O. A. Roorbach has just issued his *Bibliotheca Americana*. It is the most complete work of its kind which has yet appeared, embracing a catalogue of American Publications from 1820 to 1848. It is an indispensable work for booksellers and public libraries.

Messrs. Cooley & Keese will commence, on the 24th inst., the sale of the library (as in advertisement) of Charles Delaforest, Esq., late French Consul to this city. It is probably the most complete and valuable collection, particularly in the department of the Fine Arts, ever offered at public auction in this country.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM MARCH 31ST TO APRIL 14TH.

- Addresses delivered upon the occasion of the opening of the Free Academy, Jan. 27, 1849. 8vo. pp. 39 (W. C. Bryant & Co. print.)
- Belisle (D. W.)—*The Parterre; a Collection of Flowers culled by the Wayside*. 18mo. pp. 128 (Phila. J. B. Lippencott & Co.)
- Bibliographical Catalogue of Books. Translations of the Scriptures, and other publications in the Indian tongues of the United States. With brief Critical Notices. 8vo. pp. 28 (Washington, C. Alexander.)
- Clark (T. A.)—Address delivered before the Public Schools of Municipality No. 2 of the City of New Orleans, Feb. 22, 1849. 8vo. pp. 15.
- Columbian Drawing Book; Comprising a series of Sketches illustrative of various departments of the Art, adapted from the first masters. By C. Kuchel, with directions by G. Wheeler. Obl. fol. (Hartford, Belknap & Hammersley.)
- Combe (A. M.D.)—*The Ship Fever; its causes and prevention*. 8vo. pp. 21 (Fowler & Wells.)
- Comstock (J. L.)—*A History of the Precious Metals*. 8vo. pp. 222 (Hartford, Belknap & Hammersley.)
- Cooper (J. F.)—*The Sea Lions, or the Lost Sealers*. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 218, 216 (Stringer & Townsend.)
- Coventry (C. B.)—*Epidemic Cholera; its History, Causes, Pathology, and Treatment*. 12mo. pp. 119 (Buffalo, G. H. Derby & Co.)
- Cowper (W.)—*Works of, his Life, Letters, and Poems*. Ed. by Rev. T. S. Grimshawe. Illustrated. 8vo. pp. 740 (R. Carter & Brothers.)
- Crosby (A.)—*Greek Lessons*. 12mo. pp. 121 (Boston, Tappan, Whittemore & Mason.)
- Darley (F. O. C.)—*Illustrations of Rip Van Winkle, designed and etched for the Members of the American Art Union, 1848*. Obl. fol. pp. 12, 6 illustrations.
- Harris (J. D.D.)—*Man Primeval; or, the Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being*. 12mo. pp. 480 (Boston, Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.)
- Jenkins (J. S.)—*The Generals of the Last War with Great Britain*. 12mo. pp. 407 (Auburn, Derby, Miller & Co.)
- Jerrold (D.)—*A Man made of Money*. 8vo. pp. 94 (Cassidy Hart.)
- Johnson (S.)—*Pocket Dictionary of the English Language, greatly improved*. 32mo. pp. 253 (Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston.)
- Marsh (Mrs.)—*Mordaunt Hall; or a September Night*. 8vo. pp. 160 (Harper & Bros.)
- Roorbach (O. A.)—*Bibliotheca Americana. Catalogue of American Publications, including Reprints and Original Works from 1820 to 1848 inclusive*. 8vo. pp. 357 (O. A. Roorbach.)

Rowbotham (S.).—Diamond Pocket Dictionary of the French Language. 32mo. pp. 237 (Phila. J. B. Lippencott & Co.)

Simpson (J. V.).—Anesthesia, or the employment of Chloroform and Ether in Surgery, Midwifery, &c. 8vo. pp. 248 (Phila. Lindsay & Blakiston.)

Smith (P. H.).—Regulations of Military Institutions applied to the conduct of common schools. 12mo. pp. 32 (John Wiley.)

The Ladies' Work Table Book. Engs. 12mo. pp. 163 (Phila. T. B. Peterson.)

Transactions of the Western Art Union for the year 1848. 8vo. (Cincinnati.)

Webber (C. W.).—The Gold Mines of the Gila; a Sequel to Old Hicks's Guide. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 263 (Dewitt & Davenport.)

Willard (Emma).—Abridged History of the United States, or Republic of America. 12mo. pp. 405 (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

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Distribution of the Engravings, and the Annual Report of the Year 1848.

The Engraving of "*Queen Mary Signing the Death Warrant of Lady Jane Grey*," upon steel, and measuring 23 inches by 15½ inches, was finished early in the year, and has been in the hands of the printer ever since its completion. Prints are being taken from it at the rate of fifty per day, and the distribution of them will commence about the first day of May next.

An effort will be made to deliver them as nearly as possible in the order of the receipt of subscriptions. Those Honorary Secretaries, therefore, who transmitted the earliest remittances may expect to be first supplied. The Outline Illustrations of *Rip Van Winkle*, will be ready for delivery at the same time with the "*Queen Mary*."

The "*Transactions*" will be published and distributed at the same time with the engravings.

The Engraving for the Year 1849.

The plate of "*Youth*," being the second picture of Mr. Cole's celebrated series of the "*Voyage of Life*," is in progress under the skillful burin of Mr. JAMES SMILLIE, who will undoubtedly make it the best large landscape engraving ever executed in this country. A small etching of this picture will accompany the volume of "*Transactions*," about to be published.

The Medal for the Year 1849.

The subject of this medal is the head of Colonel Trumbull, in continuation of the series of distinguished American Artists, commenced by the representations of Allston and Stuart.

Bronze Statuettes.

A Committee was appointed some time since by the General Board, to inquire into the expediency of procuring statuettes in bronze for distribution at the next annual meeting. The London Art-Union for several years has expended most judiciously a portion of its funds in encouraging this branch of Art. There has always been a difficulty in this country in obtaining proper workmen, which is the principal reason why reduced copies in bronze have not already been made of several exquisite statues, modelled by our own artists, and which seemed peculiarly adapted to this mode of treatment. This obstacle has now been removed, and there are here at present several persons lately arrived from Europe, who are fully competent to undertake this kind of work. Indeed, the small bust of an Indian, beautifully modelled by Browns, has been reproduced in bronze by one of these artists in a very satisfactory manner. A resolution has accordingly been passed, in accordance with the recommendation of the Special Committee of Inquiry, that Mr. Brown be commissioned to model a statuette in bronze, twenty inches in height, illustrative of Indian form and character, and that twenty copies in bronze be cast for distribution among the members of the year 1849.

Etchings in Outline for the year 1849.

A set of Outlines, similar to the illustrations of *Rip Van Winkle*, will undoubtedly be published for the members of the present year. The Special Committee upon Engravings have the subject under consideration, but have as yet made no Report upon it to the General Board. Due notice shall be given as soon as that body pass a decisive resolution in relation to it.

The List of Paintings already purchased for Distribution

INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING

To which Additions are now being made every week.

"The Venetian Bride," by LOUIS LANG; "Swiss Scenery," by D. HUNTINGTON; "Jephthah's Daughter," by W. C. SANDERS; "Coast Scene, near Newport R. I.," by D. HUNTINGTON; "Leisure Hours," by ALLEN SMITH, JR.; "The Shepherd Boy," by F. D. RAAB; "A Peep at the Catskill Mountain House," "Susquehanna Scenery from Recollection," by T. DOUGHTY; "Cattle," by T. H. HINCKLEY; "View in Berkshire Co., Mass. Clearing off after a September Storm," by GEO. INNES; "View on the French Broad River," by T. A. RICHARDS; "View in Pittsford, Vt.," by F. E. CHURCH; "View of Great Barrington, Berkshire Co., Mass.—Mount Washington in the Distance—by Evening Sunlight," by A. H. WENZLER; "Looking Seaward," by H. G. HALL; "Othello relating the Story of his Life," "Expectation," by G. A. BAKER; "Gil Blas and the Archbishop," by F. W. EDMONDS; "Scene on the Juniata," by T. W. WHITTRIDGE; "Group of Peasant Children," by R. ZAHNER; "The Intercepted Letter," by J. B. FLAGG; "Fruit Piece," by S. ROESEN; "Diamond Cove at Sunset, Portland, Me.," by CHAS. E. BECKETT; "The Sailor Boy," "Petrarch's Laura," by S. S. OSGOOD; "Duck Shooters," by W. RANNEY; "Landscape Composition," by T. BURFORD; "Winter on the Passaic," "Early Autumn—Study from Nature," by D. W. C. BOUTELLE; "Middlefield Falls, Ct.," "Recollections of Kaaterskill Clove," by R. W. HUBBARD; "Jack the Giant Killer," by ALEX. RUTHERFORD; "View near Rockland Landing," by JAMES H. CAFFERTY; "Now or Never," by T. H. MATTESON; "Above the Clouds at Sunrise," by F. E. CHURCH; "The Apple of Discord," H. P. GRAY; "The Wages of War," by H. P. GRAY; "American Winter Scene," by REGIS GIGNOUX; "The Catskill Mountains, from below Hudson," by R. G. L. LEONORI; "Landscape. Pic-Nic Party," "Roman Ruins, with figures," by B. M. MCCONKEY; "Roman Girl Bathing," by L. TERRY; "Luther's Vow," "The Last Moments of Luther," "Bunyan's Vision of the Cross," by EDWIN WHITE; "Schroon Lake," "Solitude," by S. R. GIFFORD; "Landscape, with Cattle," by T. H. HINCKLEY; "Coast Scenery—Fishing Boats, etc.," by JAS. HAMILTON; "The Woods of Graefenberg," by J. F. RUNGE; "Distant View of Albany," by WM. HART; "Scene on the Heiderburg Mountain," by WILLIAM HART; "Burnt Out," by CHAS. F. BLAUVELT; "View on the Valley of the Little Beaver," by JNO. L. MARTIN; "Italian Flower Girl," by HERMINE BORCHARD; "Flower Piece," by S. ROESEN; "View in Holland," by J. M. CULVERHOUSE; "German Children," by ZAHNER; "View in Monmouth County, N. J.," by T. W. WHITLEY; "Marine View," by THO. BIRCH; "Sloux in Council," by SETH EASTMAN; "View of Lake Henderson," by CHARLES BAKER; "Distant view of Mansfield Mountain," by JNO. F. KENSETT; "The White Mountains, N. H.," by WM. G. BOARDMAN; "Italian Peasant Child," by J. K. FISHER; "Portrait of the Absent Lover," by R. KOHLER; "My Cottage on the Creek," "Woodland Home," by JOHN J. PORTER; "The Abandoned Ship," "Boating down Channel," by G. E. BONFIELD; "Indian Chief," by S. EASTMAN.

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